



## Dream



336 46 27

### Chapter 1 by JM

She comes to you when your mind is teetering on the thin line between wakefulness and sleep. You always know when she arrives. There's a sense of pressure all around you like gravity just became heavier, and the smell of embalming fluids is so thick in the air that you can taste it at the back of your throat.

Her touch is exactly as cool as the air in your bedroom as though she's been there for hours, for days, for years.

None of this scares you. You know this girl well by now; you know her better than you know most others.

### Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



"Is it that time already?" you mutter, rising out of bed. Of course, it isn't actually your bed. You're fast asleep by now. The two of you stand in an open field, overlooking what appears to be a patch of cows.

She is silent as always before a battle. A sword materializes in your hand. It feels lighter than usual. Training has really paid off.

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"How many of them this time?"

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"One hundred," she whispers.

**Chapter 3 by -**

As the dream continues, I fight off the zombies one by one until I am the hero with 100 dead zombies around me. Being a hero takes me to a village and gets me the woman of my dreams, except she's not.

She never is.

I think Dream does this on purpose. I think she makes the women less beautiful than herself so the dreamers will always want to come back for more of her.

Dream has been my friend over the years, giving me good dreams most of the time, and bad dreams only when I need a wake-up call. I don't talk about her to other people, for I am afraid they will throw me in an insane asylum, but this dream is different. I've been training with Dream for a while now, but nothing like this has ever happened before. In my dream, Dream was taken by one of the zombies, but this zombie looked different. At first, I thought it was only another training exercise, but she looked pale, and for the next few nights, I didn't see her.

Nowadays, when I'm on the brink of sleep and wakefulness, I don't see Dream anymore. I think this is what my training has led to: the saving of Dreams forever.

**Chapter 4 by -**

Now, I lay awake at night. I can't sleep. Or rather I don't want to sleep. Every time I do, I have nightmares. Nightmares about Dream. About the zombies taking her away.

Yes, I lay awake at night thinking about her. I miss the fields. The early morning dew. The smell of battle. The training.

I wish I could start over. I wish I could prolong my days with Dream. I wish there was a way to live in her world.

Is there? Maybe

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Chapter 5 by Sighty Mabb



I sit up on my bed. There I am. I can't sleep. Or rather I don't want to sleep. Every time I do, I have nightmares. I lay back down and close my eyes. I think of Dream. She wears a lavish white cloak

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with long, beautiful blonde hair. Her eyes are a deep green with flecks of white and brown. She is the most heavenly woman I have ever seen.

I soon fall asleep with a smile on my face. That abruptly changes. I am swarmed by zombies. Thousands upon thousands are surrounding me. I look up and see Dream. I gasp when I notice she is in chains and lying unconscious on the cold ground. The zombie that took Dream notices me and laughs cruelly. He says:

"You'll never take her from me. She is mine forever now! Now I may live in my dream world forever, with her as my queen!!"

I am then cast out of my nightmare and wake up in a cold sweat.  
I have to save her!

### Chapter 6 by -



But I have no need to...

"Come!"

I had been unable to sleep for several nights. But today, while I was sitting in my armchair listening to music, I fell into a much need sleep.

"Come!"

When I awoke, the window was wide open and the curtains were gently swaying as the cool night air flew in.

"Come!"

I thought I must be dreaming. A familiar voice was whispering in my ear. A soft, musical breath.

"Come!"

It was Dream. She had come for me. I looked down at my lovely face and rose. She floated over to the window, as the wind began to blow.

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Dream held out her white, delicate hand and pleaded with her light blue eyes. I came forward and took her hand. And together we stepped out into misty field.

### Chapter 7 by -



She stared into my eyes, and laid her hand on my face. "I wish we could be together, but I am being hunted."

"So long as we have each other, I am not worried about danger." I talked just to say something, without understanding. I wanted to stay here forever, hand in hand.

"No, my life is what they want, at any cost! You must go back to your world where you at least are safe..."

"I can protect you dear, my life is not worth living without you." I embraced her, but she pushed me back.

"The forces I am up against can not be reckoned with by your kind."

Dream shoved me to the ground as a blueish glow buzzed past my head. "Leave me... Leave!" And she disappeared into the woods...

### Chapter 8 by -



I was angry. Like I could just leave the dearest person in my life in danger, and go back to a cozy safe home?!?!

No, I couldn't. I had to find her. Help her.

I dashed into the woods and ran. I had no idea where I was going, I felt I had to go somewhere, **anywhere.**

Frost was slowly appearing on my arm, as the speed I which I ran against the cold air felt like a blade cutting my body. The atmosphere here was different. I felt as if I were being choked.

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I realized that I could not take much longer. I lay down on a frozen log and slide across the earth's icy surface. I lay down, exhausted, and fell into a deep sleep from which I could not awake on my own.

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I dreamed. I dreamed of a beautifully white maiden caressing my face. She looked down at my wounded position with compassion. Her big sparkling blue eyes were watering, as one large tear dropped. It landed on my chest, and in that moment the ice encasing my body shattered in a million glittering specks.

And there, I saw no separation of us, as I said "Thank you... **Dream**"

the end

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